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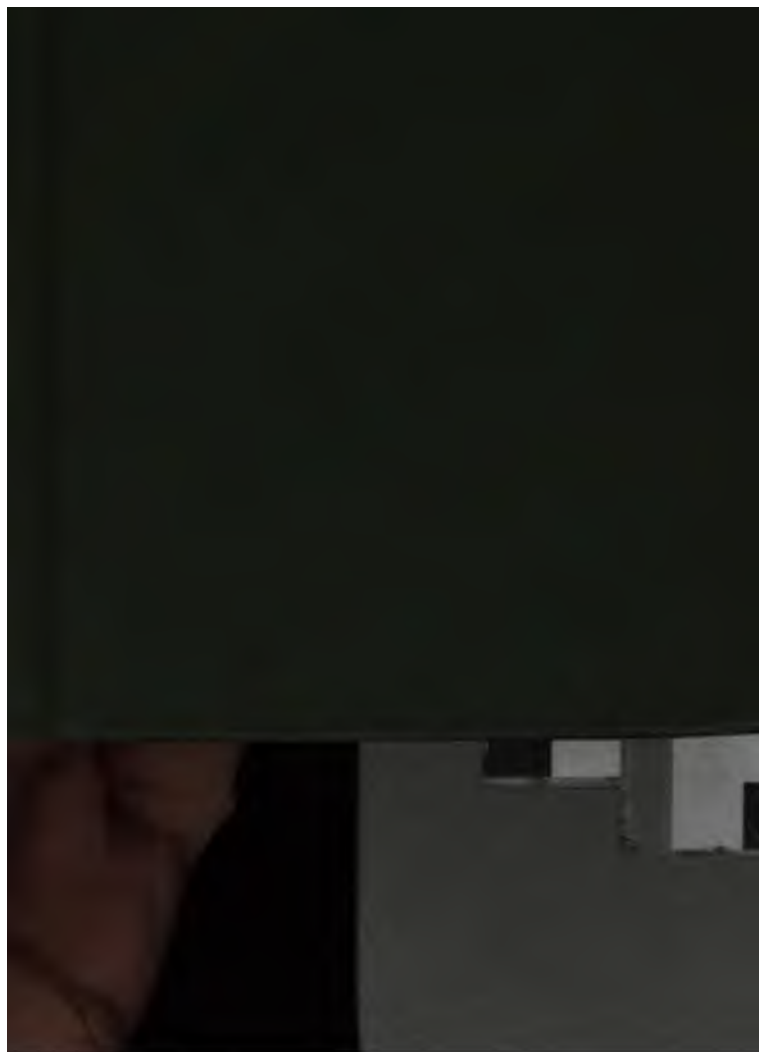
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1870.

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(B. 1011)

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THE
FAMILY SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. IV.

Ubi animus requievit, et mihi reliquam ætatem a republ
procul habendam decrevi; non fuit consilium socordia at
desidia bonum otium conterere.

SALLUST

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

THE
FAMILY SHAKSPEARE,
In Ten Volumes;

IN WHICH
NOTHING IS ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL TEXT;
BUT THOSE WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS
ARE OMITTED WHICH CANNOT WITH PROPRIETY
BE READ ALOUD IN A FAMILY.

— exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Æthereum sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.
VIRGIL.

BY
THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq. F.R.S. & S.A.

The Fourth Edition.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING
WINTER'S TALE;
COMEDY OF ERRORS;
MACBETH;
KING JOHN.

21 /
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1825.
C. W. H.

Sportive Fancy round him flew,
Nature led him by the hand,
Instructed him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute command.



WINTER'S TALE.

VOL. IV.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

MAMILLIUS, *his son.*

CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } *Sicilian Lords.*

DION,
Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a court of judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*

FLORIZEL, *his son.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

CLOWN, *his son.*

Servant to the old shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*
Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
DORCAS, }

*Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance;
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves ; for, indeed, —

Cam. 'Beseech you, —

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say. — We will give you sleepy drinks : that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding

instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied¹, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent: shook hands, as over a vast²; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince, Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject³, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.]

¹ Supplied by substitution of embassies.

² Wide waste of country.

³ Affords a cordial to the state.

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile ;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence : That may blow
No sneaping ⁴ winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then : and
in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so :
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now,

⁴ Nipping.

Were there necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward : which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay,
 To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
 Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
 until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,
 sir,

Charge him too coldly : Tell him, you are sure,
 All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong :
 But let him say so then, and let him go ;
 But let him say so, and he shall not stay,
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs. —
 Yet of your royal presence [*To POLIXENES.*] I'll
 adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
 To let him there a month, behind the gest⁵
 Prefix'd for his parting : yet, good deed⁶, Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
 What lady she her lord. — You'll stay ?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows : But I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
 oaths,

⁵ *Gests* were the names of the stages where the King
 appointed to lie, during a royal progress.

⁶ Indeed.

Should yet say, *Sir, no going*. Verily,
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you ?

My prisoner ? or my guest ? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam :
To be your prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were
boys ;
You were pretty lordlings⁷ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'
the sun,
And bleat the one at the other : what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not,
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did : Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty* ; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

⁷ A diminutive of lords.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us : for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl ;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot !
Of this make no conclusion ; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils : Yet, go on ;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer ;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't
before ?

I pr'ythee, tell me : Cram us with praise, and make
us

As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages : You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal ; —

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay ;

What was my first ; it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you : O, would her name were Grace !

But once before I spoke to the purpose : When ?

Nay, let me have't, I long.

Leon.

Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clap thyself my love ; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her.

It is Grace, indeed. —

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice ;

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;

The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon.

Too hot, too hot : [*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis*⁸ on me : — my heart dances ;

But not for joy, — not joy. — This entertainment

May a free face put on ; derive a liberty

From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well become the agent : it may, I grant :

But as now they are making practis'd smiles,

As in a looking-glass ; — and then to sigh, as
'twere

The mort o' the deer⁹ ; O, that is entertainment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows. — Mamillius,

Art thou my boy ?

Mam.

Ay, my good lord.

Leon.

I'fecks ?

Why that's my bawcock.¹ What, hast smutch'd thy
nose ? —

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,

We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd, neat. — Still virginaling²

[*Observing* POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

Upon his palm ? How now, you wanton calf ?

Art thou my calf ?

Mam.

Yes, if you will, my lord.

⁸ Trembling of the heart. •

⁹ The tune played at the death of the deer.

¹ Hearty fellow.

² *i. e.* Playing with her fingers on a spinnet.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have³,

To be full like me : — yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,
That will say any thing : But were they false
As o'er-died blacks, as wind, as waters ; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. — Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin⁴ eye : Sweet villain !
Most dear'st ! my collop ! — Can thy dam ? — may't
be ? —

Affection ! thy intention stabs the center :
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams ; — (How can this
be ?) —

With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing : Then, 'tis very credent⁵,
Thou may'st co-join with something ; and thou dost ;
(And that beyond commission ; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia ?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord ?

What cheer ? how i'st with you, best brother ?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction :

Are you mov'd, my lord ?

Leon. No, in good earnest. —

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms ! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years : *and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,

³ *Thou wantest a rough head, and the budding horns that
I have.*

⁴ Blue, like the sky.

⁵ Credible.

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash⁶; this gentleman : — Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money⁷?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why happy man be his dole⁸!

— My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol.

If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon.

So stands this squire

Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. — Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
come ;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent⁹ to my heart.

Her.

If you would seek us,

We are yours i' the garden : Shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you : you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky : — I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to !

[*Aside.* Observing POLIXENES and HERMIONE.]

⁶ Pea-cod.

⁷ Will you be cajoled?

⁸ May his lot in life be a happy one.

⁹ *Heir apparent*, next claimant.

She arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing¹ husband! Gone already.

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and
Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play; — There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now:
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she's false: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves; but many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not. — How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort. —
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man. — [Exit MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it? —

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing²,

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust³ it last. — How cam't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

¹ Approving. ² To round in the ear was to tell secretly.

³ Taste.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes⁴,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress? — satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't; — Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes⁵ honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;

⁴ *Inferiors in rank.*

⁵ To hox is to hamstring.

In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest : these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass
By its own visage : if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt : you have ; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn ;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a woman that deserves a name
Too rank to mention : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this : which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing :
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all eyes blind

With the pin and web⁶, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
things,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave:
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me: that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—thou might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash⁷ potion,

⁶ Disorders of the eye.

⁷ Hasty.

But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
 Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee, —

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot
 Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son.
 Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?⁸

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
 Even for your son's sake: and, thereby, for sealing
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
 Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down:
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
 Go then; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all;
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'
 me. [Exi

⁸ i. e. Could any man so start off from propriety?

Cam. O miserable lady! — But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. — To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange, methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? —
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know,
and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your *chang'd* complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine *chang'd* to: for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How? caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, —
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success⁹ we are gentle¹, — I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd. — Dost thou hear, Camillo,²
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, — whereof t^h
least

Is not this suit of mine. — that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me: how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark ~~my~~
counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

⁹ For succession.

¹ Gentle was opposed to simple; well born.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him² to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument

To vice³ you to't, — that you have touch'd his queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, —
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, — away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here

² *i. e.* The person.

³ Draw.

By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd ; by the king's own mouth
thereon

Is execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine ; My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er shades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, Camillo ;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. — I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my good lord ?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker ; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best ; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. — Pray
now

What colour are your eye-brows ?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye ;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come,
sir, now
I am for you again : Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down : — Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites : you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man, ——

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard ; — I will tell it
softly ;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there ? his train ? Camillo
with him ?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them ;
never
Saw I men scour so on their way : I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure ?⁴ in my true opinion ? —
Alack, for lesser knowledge ! How accurs'd,
In being so blest ! — There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom ; for his knowledge
Is not infected : but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

⁴ Judgment.

How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts :⁵ — I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander : —
There is a plot against my life, my crown ;
All's true that is mistrusted : — that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing⁶ ; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will : — How came the posterns
So easily open ?

1 Lord. By his great authority ;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well. —
Give me the boy ; I am glad, you did not nurse him :
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? sport ?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
about her ;

Away with him : — and let her sport herself
With that she's big with ; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis *pity she's not honest, honourable* :
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight

The shrug, the hum or ha ; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use : — O, I am out,

Heavings. ⁶ A thing pinch'd out of clouts, a puppet.

That mercy does ; for calumny will sear ⁷
 Virtue itself : — these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
 When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
 Ere you can say she's honest : But be it known,
 From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
 She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes : O thou thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
 Should a like language use to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar ! — I have said,
 She's an adultress ; I have said with whom :
 More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
 A federary ⁸ with her ; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself :
 She's privy
 To this their late escape,

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this : How will this grieve you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle, my lord,
 You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no ; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The center is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top. — Away with her to prison :
 He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty, ⁹
 But that he speaks. ¹

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :

⁷ Brand as infamous.
⁹ Remotely guilty.

⁸ Confederate.
¹ In merely speaking.

I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;— and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon.

Shall I be heard?

[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't that goes with me?— 'Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.— Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.— My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord.

For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
 Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her ;
 For every woman in the world is false
 If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
 You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
 That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain.

Leon. Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose : I see't, and feel't,
 As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
 The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
 We need no grave to bury honesty ;
 There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What ! lack I credit ?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
 Upon this ground : and more it would content me
 To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
 Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
 Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
 Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
 Imparts this : which,— if you (or stupified,
 Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
 Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
 We need no more of your advice : the matter,
 The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
 Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
 You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
 Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be ?
*Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,*

Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation²,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding;
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency³: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord*. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;—
[*Exit an Attendant*.]
Let him have knowledge who I am. — Good lady!

² *Proof*

³ *Of abilities more than sufficient.*

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? — Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! — Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attendants*]

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives

Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes⁴ o'the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-looking anger be
The trumpet any more:— Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship,
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,

⁴ *Lunacies, fits of madness.*

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weak-
ness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being; — part o'the cause,
She, the aduress; — for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. — Who's there?

1 Atten.

My lord?

[*Advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten.

He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon.

To see,

His nobleness!

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,

He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply ;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself ;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd — Leave me solely⁶ — go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*] — Fye, fye ! no
thought of him ; —

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me ; in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance, — Let him be,
Until a time may serve ; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me :

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life ? a gracious innocent soul ;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir :
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you, —
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heaving, — such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon.

What noise there, ho ?

⁶ Alone.

E 2

Paul. No noise, my lord ; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How ? —

Away with that audacious lady : Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me ;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her ?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can : in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now ; you hear !
When she will take the rein, I let her run ;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come.—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor ; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,⁶
Than such as most seem yours :—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen !

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen : I say
good queen ;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst⁷ about you.

Leon. Force her hence

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his ey
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand. — The good queen
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daugh
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the C

Leon.

On

⁶ Abetting your ill courses.

⁷ Lower

A very witch ! Hence with her, out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd ;

Paul. No so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors ;

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—
Thou, dotard, [*To ANTIGONUS.*] thou art woman-
tir'd⁸, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone.⁹

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced¹ baseness
Which he has put upon't !

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did : then, 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I ; nor any,

But one, that's here ; and that's himself : for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's ; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,²

⁸ Pecked by a woman ; hen-pecked.

⁹ Worn-out old woman.

¹ Forced is false ; uttered with violence to truth.

² Trull.

Of boundless tongue ; who late hath beat her husband,
band,

And now baits me ! — This brat is none of mine ;
It is the issue of Polixenes :

Hence with it ; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul.

It is yours ;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge
So like you, 'tis the worse. — Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father : eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead ; nay, the valley
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek ; his
smiles ;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger : —
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow³ in't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's !

Leon.

A gross hag ! —

And, lozel⁴, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant.

Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon.

Once more, take her hence

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

Leon.

I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul.

I care no

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyr
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) some
savours

³ The colour of jealousy.

⁴ Worthless

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your habes, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these
hands?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble follows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-
pose:

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither.— You, sir, come you hither ;

[*To ANTIGONUS.*]

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life :— for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey, — what will you ad-
venture

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,⁵
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it ; (seest thou ?) for
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, —
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture, —

⁵ It was anciently a practice to swear by the cross at the
hilt of a sword.

That you commend it strangely to some place⁶,
Where chance may nurse, or end it : Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.— Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. — Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require ! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

[*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon.

No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

1 Attend. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

⁶ *i. e.* Commit it to some place as a stranger.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
Fertile the isle ; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the re-
verence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen, — O, be't so ! -
As it has been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best ! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business : When the ora
Thus (by Apollo's great divine seal'd up.)

Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge. — Go, —
fresh horses ;
And gracious be the issue ! [*Exeunt.*]

subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot
me

To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me, —
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe⁹
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon.

I ne'er heard yet,

⁹ Own, possess.

That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough :
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd ;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes : though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level¹ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams ;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it :—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact² are so,) so past all truth :
Which to deny, concerns more than avails :
For as.

¹ *Is within the reach.*

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² *They who have done like you.*

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
 No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
 More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
 Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
 Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats
 The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence,
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort
 Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion : — Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit.³ Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed,
 But yet, hear this ; mistake me not ; — No ! life
 I prize it not a straw : — but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law. — Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle ;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain O*

³ *i. e.* The degree of strength which it is custom
 acquire before women are suffered to go abroad af
 bearing.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery ; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have
brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest : and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten ; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo !

Her. Praised !

Leon. Hast thou read truth ?

Offi. Ay, my lord ; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle :
The sessions shall proceed ; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king ! —

Leon. What is the business ?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it :
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed ⁴, is gone.

⁴ *Of the event of the queen's trial.*

Leon. How ! gone ?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry : and the heaven's then
selves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*] Ho
now there ?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen :— Loo
down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd ; she will recover. —

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion : —

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. — Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERM*

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle ! —

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes ;

New woo my queen ; recall the good Camillo ;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy ;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes : which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done : he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclass'd my practice ; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great ; and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No 'richer than his honour : — How he glisters

Thorough my rust ! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker !

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul.

Woe the while !

*O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too !*

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies, —
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! — O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And horribly ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter.
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last, — O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and ven-
geance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees

Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon.

Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much : I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord.

Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I the boldness of your speech.

Paul.

I am sorry for't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen, — lo, fool again ! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon.

Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect⁵ then, our ship hath
touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their secret wills be done! — Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so' rid o'the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe: —
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;

⁵ Well-assured.

And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, —
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,

I pr'ythee, call't ; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more : — and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squared by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father. — Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the Child*
 There lie ; and there thy character ⁶ : there these
 [Laying down a Bundle
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed the
 pretty,

And still rest thine. — The storm begins : — Poor
 wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow ! — Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. — Farewell !
 The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough : I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour ? —

⁶ The writing afterward discovered with Perdita.

Well may I get aboard ! — This is the chase ;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty ; or that youth would sleep out the rest : for there is nothing in the between but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. — Hark you now ! — Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather ? They have scared away two of my best sheep ; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master : if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will ! what have we here ? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne⁷ ; a very pretty barne ! A pretty one ; a very pretty one : I'll take it up for pity : yet I'll tarry till my son come ; he hol-laed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa !

Shep. What, art so near ? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man ?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land ; — but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky ; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it ?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ! but that's not to the point : O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls ! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em : now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast ;

⁷ Child.

and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you⁸ thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service. — To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman: — But to make an end of the ship: — to see how the sea flap-dragoned⁹ it: — but, first, how the poor soul roared, and the sea mocked them; — and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

[*Aside*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth⁹ for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see: It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling: — open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. — Let my sheep go: — Come, good boy, the next way home.

⁸ Swallowed.

⁹ The mantle in which a child was carried to be baptised

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings ;
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman,
and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst,
but when they are hungry : if there be any of him
left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed : If thou may'st discern
by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch
me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I ; and you shall help to put him
i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy ; and we'll do good
deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, — that please some, try all ; both joy,
and terror,
Of good and bad ; that make, and unfold error, —
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap : since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom : Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received : I witness to
The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy ; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth : — a shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument ² of time : Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now ;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Bohemia. *A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate : 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing ; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country : though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me : to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'er-ween³ to think so ; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the

² Subject.

³ Think too highly of myself.

need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made ; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee : thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study ; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pry'thee speak no more : whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince : What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown : but I have, missingly, noted ⁴, he is of late much retired from court ; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo ; and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence ; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou

⁴ Observed at intervals.

shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pry thee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*When daffodils begin to peer, —
With heigh! the doxy over the dale, —
Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, —
With, hey! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra, lirra chants, —
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer's songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile^b; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [Sings.
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.*

^b Rich velvet.

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁶; Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.— A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:— Every 'leven wether — tods; every tod yields — pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, — What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. — Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* — What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men⁷ all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means⁸ and bases. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies⁹; *mace*, — *dates*, — none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *race*, or *two*, of *ginger*: but that I may beg; — *four pound of prunes*, and *as many of raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I the name of me, —

Aut. O help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

⁶ Picking pockets.

⁸ Tenors.

⁷ Singers of catches in three parts.

⁹ Pies made of a species of pears.

Clo. Alack, poor soul ! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received ; which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man ! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten ; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a foot-man ?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee ; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee : come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O ! good sir, tenderly, oh !

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir : I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now ? canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, dear sir ; [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly : you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money ? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir ; no, I beseech you, sir ; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going ; I shall there have money, or any thing I want ; Offer me no money, I pray you ; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you ?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames¹ : I knew him, once a servant of the prince ; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certain¹ whipped out of the court.

¹ *The machine used in the game of pigeon-t*

Clo. His vices, you would say ; there's no virtue whipped out of the court : they cherish it, to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well : he hath been since an ape-bearer ; then a process-server, a bailiff ; then he married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue : some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir ; he, sir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was ; I can stand, and walk : I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good-faced sir ; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well ; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir ! — [*Exit Clown.*]
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too : If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue !

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent² the stile-a :

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

² Take hold of.

SCENE III.

A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess ; but *Flora*,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearin'
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes³, it not becomes me ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark⁴ o'the land, you have obscur'
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd⁵ up : But that our feast
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause
To me, the difference⁶ forges dread ; your greatness

Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I trem
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did : O, the fates
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up ? What would he say ? Or ho
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, beho'
The sternness of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

³ Excesses.

⁴ Dressed with ostentation.

⁵ Object of all men's note

⁶ i. e. Of stature

Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king :
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak ; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast : Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's : for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine : to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle ;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming :

Lift up your countenance : as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious !

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised ; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach :
Address yourselves to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame and servant : welcom'd all ; serv'd all :
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : no
here,

At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o'fire
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it
She would to each one sip : You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting : Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome : for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast : Come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir : [*To Pol.*
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o'the day :— You're welcome, sir
[*To CAMILLA*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. — Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour⁷, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient, -
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, — the fairest flowers o'th
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

⁷ Likeness and smell.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For ^s I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their priedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be ;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race ; This is an art
Which does mend nature, — change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well. — Here's flowers
for you ;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age : You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. — Now, my
fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might

^s Because that.

Become your time of day. — O Proserpine,
 For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's⁹ waggon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips and
 The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! O, these, I lack,
 To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
 To strew him o'er and o'er. — Come, take your
 flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
 In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
 Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
 To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
 A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
 No other function: Each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
 Your praises are too large: but that your youth
 And the true blood, which fairly peeps through
 Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd
 With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
 You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
 As little skill to fear, as I have purpose

To put you to't. — But, come; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress.

Mop. In good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon our
manners. —

Come, strike up. [Musick.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding¹ ; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth² : He says, he loves my daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feately.³

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

¹ A valuable tract of pasturage.

² Truth.

³ Neatly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler the door, you would never dance again after a tab and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well: if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours it'd rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bhemia can learnedly handle, though they come him by the gross; inkles, caddisses^s, cambric lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;*

¹ Plain goods.

² A kind of tunic

*Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber :
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry ;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me ; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money ?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some : I love a ballad in print, a'-life ; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's a ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish. The ballad is very pitiful, and true.

Dor. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it : and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by : Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad ; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one ; and goes
to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man* : there's
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scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves
My father and the gentleman are in sad⁶ talk, and
we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack
after me. Girls, I'll buy for you both: — Pedlar,
let's have the first choice. — Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Asi*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter⁷ all men's ware-a.*

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DOROTHEA, and MOPSA.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair⁸; they call themselves saltiers⁹: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry¹ of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.²

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. *[Aside.]*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
sack'd

⁸ Dressed themselves in habits imitating hair.

⁹ Satyrs.

¹ Medley.

² Square, foot-rule.

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted³ with him: if your lass
Interpretation should abuse; and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty: you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted⁴ by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't,

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and mor
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know
ledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not priz
them,
Without her love; for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

³ Bought, trafficked.

⁴ The sieve used to separate flour from bran is called
bolting-cloth.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well: no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray, you once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?⁵
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

⁵ Talk over his affairs.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial: Reason, my son
 Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
 The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
 grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
 Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
 [*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
 To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old trai-
 tor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
 Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
 Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
 The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briars,
 and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
 boy,—

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin.

⁶ **than** Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;
 show us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
 ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, begone?

[To FLORIZEL.]
I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech
 you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll quench it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To FLORIZEL.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O wretched girl!
[To PERDITA.]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st ad-
 venture

o mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone :
 I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
 To die when I desire. [E

Flo. Why look you so upon n
 I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd : What I was, I am :
 More straining on, for plucking back ; not follow
 My leash⁷ unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper : at this time
 He will allow no speech,— which, I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him ;— and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
 Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
 I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould
 thus ?

How often said, my dignity would last
 But till 'twere known ?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
 The violation of my faith ; And then
 Let nature crush the sides o'the earth togeth'
 And mar the seeds within !— Lift up thy lool
 From my succession wipe me, father ! I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy⁸ : if my res
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with mad
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, si

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my v
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that ma

⁷ A leading-string.

Be' thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; Let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, — I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore ;
And, most oppórtune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. — [*Takes her aside.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To CAMILLO.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn ;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour ;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's musick,
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king ;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, wh
 Your gracious self ; embrace but my directio
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
 I'll point you where you shall have such rec
 As shall become your highness ; where you
 Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
 As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;
 And (with my best endeavours, in your absen
 Your discontenting⁹ father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
 That I may call thee something more than m
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thoug
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
 But as the unthought-on accident¹ is guilty
 To what we wildly do ; so we profess
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flie
 Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
 This follows, — if you will not change your pu
 But undergo this flight : — Make for Sicilia ;
 And there present yourself, and your fair pri
 (For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
 Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
 His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiv
 As 'twere i'the father's person : kisses the har
 Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides
 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the

⁹ For discontented.

¹ The unexpected discovery made by Polixenes.

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But, as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain as your anchors : who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be : Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in ² the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I the rear of birth.

² Conquer.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita. —
But, O, the thorns we stand upon ! — Camillo, —
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicin³ of our house ! — how shall we do
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily —

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortune
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, —
That you may know you shall not want, — one word
[*They talk aside*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool honesty is ! and trust
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I have
sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone, nor
a riband, glass, pomander⁴, brooch, table-ballad,
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn,
ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they thought
who should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer
by which means, I saw whose purse was best
picture ; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remembered.
My clown (who wants but something to
a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the song
that he would not stir his petticoes, till he had heard
tune and words ; which so drew the rest of the
hobnob to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears.

³ Physician.

⁴ A little ball made of perfumes, and worn to prevent
infection in times of plague.

would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the whole man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs⁵ from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA, come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes, —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per.

Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam.

Who have we here?

Seeing AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, — why hanging. [Aside.]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.⁶

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir: — I know ye well enough. [Aside.]

⁵ A bird resembling a jackdaw.

⁶ Something over and above.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch : the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ? — I smell the trick of it — [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. —

[*FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, — let my prophecy
Come home to you — you must retire yourself
Into some covert : take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Dismantle you : and as you can, disliking
The truth of your own seeming ; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. —
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat : — Come, lady, come. — Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot ?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall review Sicilia ; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us ! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood

had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely ; puppies ! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well ; let us to the king : there is that in this fardel⁸, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance :— Let me pocket up my pedler's beard.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rusticks ? whither are you bound ?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there ? what ? with whom ? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having⁹, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie ; you are rough : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie : but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel ; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.¹

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings ? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court ? receives not thy nose court-odour from me ? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt ? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze² from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier ? I am courtier, cap-a-pè ; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there : whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

⁸ Bundle, parcel.

¹ In the fact.

⁹ Estate, property.

² I cajole or force.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant ; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir ; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men !

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical ; a great man, I'll warrant ; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there ? what's i'the fardel ?
Wherefore that box ?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king ; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir ?

Aut. The king is not at the palace ; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself : For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir ; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly ; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir ?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter ; but those that are

germane³ to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman : which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace ! Some say, he shall be stoned ; but that death is too soft for him, say I : Draw our throne into a sheep-cote ! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir ?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive ; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest ; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead : then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion : then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims⁴, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him ; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital ? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king : being something gently considered⁵, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs ; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority : close with him, give him gold ; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold : show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado : Remember stoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have : I'll make it as

³ *Related.* ⁴ The hottest day foretold in the almanack.

⁵ Being handsomely bribed.

much more ; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised ?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety :— Are you a party in this business ?

Clo. In some sort, sir ; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son :— Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort : we must to the king, and show our strange sights ; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister ; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed ; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side ; go on the right hand ; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say ; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me ; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion ; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good ; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement ? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him : if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious ; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

(*Exit.*)

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA,
and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow ; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass : At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done ; forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget .
My blemishes in them ; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself : which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom ; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : Now, good
now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady :

You might have spoken a thousand things that
would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame ; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well ?
What holier, than, — for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good, —
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfilled their secret purposes :
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue ;
[To LEONTES.

The crown will find an heir : Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest ; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, —
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know in honour. — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! — then, even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips, —

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps ; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me ?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye ; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift⁶ to hear me ; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars,
And all eyes else dead coals ! — fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront⁷ his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, —

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will ; give me the office
To choose you a queen : she shall not be so young

⁶ Split.

⁷ Meet.

As was your former ; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take
joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath ;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Gent. Ay ; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone ; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd ; — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once ; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot ; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul.

How ? not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon.

Go, Cleomenes :

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. — Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul.

Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord ; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon.

Pr'ythee, no more ; thou know'st,

He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason. — They are come. —

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince :
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcom'd
And you fair princess, goddess ! — O, alas
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder
You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
All mine own folly) the society,
Mity too, of your brave father ; who

Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia : and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness ! — Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains ; much less
The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence : from him,
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her : thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness : My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd ;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon.

The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here ! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman ; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin :
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issueless ; and your father's bless'd,
 (As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you ?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
 That which I shall report, will bear no credit,
 Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
 Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
 Desires you to attach^s his son ; who has
 (His dignity and duty both cast off)
 Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
 A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? *speak.*

Lord. Here in the city ; I now came from him :
 I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
 My marvel, and my message. To your court
 Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
 Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
 The father of this seeming lady, and
 Her brother, having both their country quitted
 With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
 Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
 Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge ;
 He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now

^s Seize, arrest.

Has these poor men in question.⁹ Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father! —
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first: —
The odds for high and low's alike.¹

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves. — 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

⁹ Conversation. ¹ A quibble on the false dice so called.

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. — But your petition
[To FLORIZEL.]

Is yet unanswered: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; — But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more

but seeing, could not say, if the importance² were joy, or sorrow : but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more : The news, Rogero ?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires : The oracle is fulfilled ; the king's daughter is found : such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward ; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir ? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion : Has the king found his heir ?

3 Gent. Most true ; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance : that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione : — her jewel about the neck of it : — the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they knew to be his character : — the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother ; — the affection³ of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, — and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings ?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another ; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them ; for their joy waded in tears. There was *casting up of eyes, holding up of hands ; with coun-*

² *The thing imported.*

³ *Disposition or quality.*

tenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.⁴ Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping⁵ her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and

⁴ Countenance, features.

⁵ Embracing

that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this my

tery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, we are gentlemen.

Aut. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. — Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare

To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[PAULINA undraws a Curtain, and discovers
a Statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder : But yet speak ; — first, you, my
liege,

Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture ! —
Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace. — But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !
I am asham'd : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ? — O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty ; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. — Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience ;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks already—
What was he, that did make it ?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those
veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't
As⁶ we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :
but
I could afflict you further.

⁶ As if.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak
I am content to hear : for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick ; awake her : strike.—
[Musick.]

'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach :
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come :
I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs :

[HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal.]
Start not : her actions shall be holy, as,

You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her, now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*]
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to HERMIONE.*]

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon.

O peace, Paulina;

Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
honesty,

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS, *of Ephesus,* } *Twin Brothers,*
 } *sons to Ægeon*
ANTIPHOLUS, *of Syracuse,* } *Æmia, but unknown*
 } *to each other.*

DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *Twin Brothers, and Attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholus*

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*

ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

PINCH, *a schoolmaster, and a conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her sister.*

LUCE, *her servant.*

A Courtezan.

Galier, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders¹ to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:

¹ Name of a coin.

Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs ;
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort ; when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home ;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable :
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born ; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;
And he (great care of goods at random left)
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
joyful mother of two goodly sons ;
d, which was strange, the one so like the other,
could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon,
We came aboard :
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, — for other means was none. —
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the elder-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare-mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered

Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off
so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us ;
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind ;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests ;
And would have reft² the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course. —

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss ;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive

² Bereft, deprived.

After his brother ; and impórtun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him :
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean³ through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus ;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But, to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help :
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live ; if not, then thou art doom'd to die : —
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless doth Ægeon wend⁴,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

³ Clear, completely.

⁴ Go.

SCENE II.

A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here ;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain^s, sir ; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;

I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time ;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then : I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date, —
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so
soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too
late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
The meat is cold, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach ;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this, I
pray ;

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O, — sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday
last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ; —
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust .
So great a charge from thine own custody ?—

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner
I from my mistress come to you in post ;
If I return, I shall be post indeed ;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
of season ;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? why you gave no gold to
me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your
foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner ;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money ;
Or I shall break that merry sconce ⁶ of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me ?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both. —
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix:

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for heaven's sake,
hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DROMIO, E.*

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught⁷ of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
Aa, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin;
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

⁷ Over-reached.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :

Time is their master ; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come : If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, and sky :
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controls :
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where ?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause ;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
much, or more, we should ourselves complain :
thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
urging helpless patience would'st relieve me :

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try ; —
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ? know'st
thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear :
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
feel his meaning ?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully, that
I could scarce understand them.⁸

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home ?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is stark
mad :

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Will you come home ? quoth I ; *My gold*, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd* ; *My gold*, quoth he :
My mistress, sir, quoth I ; *Hang up thy mistress ;*
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress !

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master :
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress ;* —
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

⁸ i. e. Scarce stand under them.

I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders ;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?

For heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating :

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus ?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :

Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state :

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures⁹ : My decayed fair¹

A sunny look of his would soon repair :

But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.²

⁹ Alteration of features.

¹ Fair, for fairness.

² Stalking-horse.

Luc. Self-arming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets³ it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur, you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

³ Hinders.

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since,

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. *[Beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for heaven's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creek in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,⁴
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce⁵ it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

⁴ Study my countenance. ⁵ A sconce was a fortification.

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason? —

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what.

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts⁶ us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown ;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me ;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious ?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate ?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ?

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed ;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
not :

In *Ephesus* I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with
you :

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee : and this thou didst return from
him, —

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest ; for even her very
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave?
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate :

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle⁷ moss ;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

⁷ Unfruitful, barren.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream ?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads ! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land ; — O, spite of spites ! —
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites ;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not ?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot !

Dro. S. I am transform'd, master, am not I ?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn. —
Come, sir, to dinner ; Dromio, keep the gate : —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you ^s of a thousand idle pranks :
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister : — Dromio, play the porter well.

* Hear your confession.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I brake your
pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,⁹
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him.
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

⁹ A necklace strung with pearls.

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know :

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd ; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar : 'Pray heaven, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common ; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest ;

But though my cates ¹ be mean, take them in good part ;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft ; my door is lock'd : Go bid them let us in.

¹ Dishes of meat

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome², malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!³

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefóre.

Ant. E. Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?⁴

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil⁵ is there? Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

² Blockhead.

¹ I own, am owner of.

³ Fool.

⁵ Bustle, tumult.

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part⁶ with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here in the cold :

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in ; Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather ; master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather :

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O, let it not be so ;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made⁷ against you.
Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner :

⁷ i. e. Made fast.

nd, about evening, come yourself alone,
 o know the reason of this strange restraint.
 'by strong hand you offer to break in,
 ow in the stirring passage of the day,
 vulgar comment will be made on it;
 nd that supposed by the common rout
 gainst your yet ungalled estimation,
 hat may with foul intrusion enter in,
 nd dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 or slander lives upon succession;
 or ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
 nd, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 know a wench of excellent discourse,—
 retty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—
 here will we dine: this woman that I mean,
 y wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
 ath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
 o her will we to dinner. — Get you home,
 nd fetch the chain; by this⁸, I know, 'tis made:
 ng it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
 there's the house: that chain will I bestow
 it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
 n mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
 e mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 nock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
 g. I'll meet you at that place, some hour
 hence.

E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some ex-
 pence. [*Exeunt.*]

⁸ By this time.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Luc. If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake, use her with more
kindness :

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-
ness :

Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false : What need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attain ?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us .
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain. ⁹

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

⁹ Vain, is light of tongue.

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you sho
not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a goddess? would you make me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, Siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated¹; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being
by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Int. S. No;

thyself, mine own self's better part;
e eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart.

ic. All this my sister is, or else should be.

¹ i. e. Confounded.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*]

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st
thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou
art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides
thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a
woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay
to your horse.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
I therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

ie, that doth call me husband, even my soul
 oth for a wife abhor : but her fair sister,
 assess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 f such enchanting presence and discourse,
 ath almost made me traitor to myself:
 ut, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
 I stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir : Lo, here is the chain ;
 thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine :
 he chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with
 this ?

Ang. What please yourself, sir ; I have made it
 for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
 have :

o home with it, and please your wife withal ;
 nd soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 nd then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 or fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir ; fare you well.

[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
 tell ;

ut this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 hat would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
 hen in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;
 any ship put out, then straight away. *[Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you ;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing ² to me by Antipholus :
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same :
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But soft, I see the goldsmith : — get thee gone ;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

² Accruing.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pounds a year ! I buy
a rope ! [Exit DROMIO.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain ;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith came to me :
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together ; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat ;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion ;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
That I stand debted to this gentleman ;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;
Besides, I have some business in the town :
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your-
self ?

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will : have you the chain about
you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have ;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the
chain ;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to ex-
cuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine :
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, sir, des-
patch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain —

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now ;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye ! how you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none ; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it :

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do ; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation : —

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had !

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee ; arrest him, officer ;

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir ; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail : —

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away ; our fraughtage³, sir,
I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind
Blows fair from land : they stay for naught at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ! a madman ! Why, thou peevish⁴
sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.⁵

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope ;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as soon :
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight :
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats : let her send it ;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and*

ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana ! that is where he din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband :
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

³ Freight, cargo.

⁴ Silly.

⁵ Carriage.

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.**Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observations mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?⁶*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right.*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my
spite.*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.*Adr.* And what said he?*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might
move.

First he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his
will.He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,⁷

Ill fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making⁸, worse in mind.⁶ An allusion to the redness of the northern lights,
likened to the appearance of armies.⁷ Dry, withered. ⁸ Marked by nature with deformity.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;⁹

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do
curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet
now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil in an everlasting garment¹ hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-
termands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested,
well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that
can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money
in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at.

[*Exit LUCIANA.*]

⁹ Who crieth most where her nest is not.

¹ The officers in those days were clad in buff, which is
also a cant expression for a man's skin.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt :
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?²

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back, that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason ?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;

And bring my master home immediately. —

Come, sister ; I am press'd down with conceit ;³

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

² *i. e.* Bond.

³ Fanciful conception.

and every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me ;
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;
 Some offer me commodities to buy :
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
 And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
 And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
 Where, these are but imaginary wiles,
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for :
 That, have you got the picture of old Adam new
 apparel'd ?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou
 mean ?

Dro. S. He that came behind you, sir, like an
 evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went
 in a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir,
 that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,
 and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed
 men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets
 on his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than
 morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he,
 that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his
 mind: one that thinks a man always going to bed,
 and says, *God give you good rest.*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is
 ere any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone.

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour
 since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night,
 and then were you hindred by the sergeant, to tarry
 for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you
 sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and freight us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress,
that you know. [*Exeunt ANT. and DRO.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break
away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears. —

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them
all.⁴

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the
rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the
rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie the
home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am
I return'd.

⁴ Correct them all.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan,
with PINCH, and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy⁵, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable⁶, she herself revil'd you there.

⁵ A corruption of the French oath — *pardieu*.

⁶ Without a fable.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes⁷, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. Heaven and the rope-maker, bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

⁷ Certainly.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot thou art false in all ;
And art confederate with a wicked pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. and DROMIO.*

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ; — the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner ; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go ;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish ^s officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee :
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. — O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me, —

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with ANT. and DRO.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it: —
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. Heaven, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off.

Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff⁹ from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteemed here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

⁹ Baggage.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for heaven's sake; he
is mad; —

Some get within him¹, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for heaven's sake,
take a house.

This is some priory; — In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANTIPH. and DROMIO to the Priory.*]

¹ i. e. Close, grapple with him.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Never brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Or had some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Ray'd his affection in unlawful love?

Or sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy² of our conference:

He slept not for my urging it;

On board, he fed not for my urging it;

And one, it was the subject of my theme;

² The theme.

In company, I often glanced it ;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was
mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy up-
braidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast ;
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and
wildly, —

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. —
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again;³
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband
here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have
him. [Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry⁴ execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

³ i.e. To bring him back to his senses.

⁴ Sad.

Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important⁵ letters,— this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order⁶ for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot⁷ not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

⁵ *Importunate.*

⁶ *i.e.* To take measures.

⁷ *Know.*

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady-ābness come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself.
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row⁸, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.
Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, begone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberts.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

⁸ *i.e.* Successively, one after another.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots⁹ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord:—myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together: so befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

⁹ Harlot was a term of reproach applied to *cheap* among men, as well as to wantons among women.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman;
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, heaven knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry, lean-fac'd vil-
lain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here, These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine Heard you confess you had the chain of him, After you first forswore it on the mart, And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you: And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls, Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: I never saw the chain, so help me heaven! And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this! I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup. If here you hous'd him, here he would have been; If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:— You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbeſs hither:

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?
And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords ;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Ege. Why look you strange on me ? you know
me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Ege. Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
me last ;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures¹ in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir ? but I am sure I do not ; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to
believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice ! O, Time's extremity !
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?
Though now this grained² face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up ;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

¹ Alteration of features.

² Furrowed, lined.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted : but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery,

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so ;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse :
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other ;
And so of these : Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio ; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

Dro. S. O, my old master ! who hath bound him
here ?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty : —

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia ;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft ?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up ;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum :
What then became of them I cannot tell ;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right ;³
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance, —
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, —
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I ; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart ; I know not which is
which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most fa-
mous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day ?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband ?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so ;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother : — What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good ;

If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir ; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir ; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio ; but I think he brought it not.

³ The morning story is what Ægeon tells the Duke in
the first scene of this play.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me :
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it ; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons ; nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered :—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;
After so long grief, such nativity.

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ÆGEON, Courtesan,
Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
ship-board ?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd ?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me ; I am your master,
Dromio :

me, go with us : we'll look to that anon :

brace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E., ABB.
and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner ;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother :

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping ?

Dro. S. Not I, sir ; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question : how shall we try it ?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior : till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus :
We came into the world, like brother and brother :
And now let's go hand and hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's army.*

MACDUFF,
LENOX,
ROSSE,
MENTETH, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
ANGUS,

CATHNESS,

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the
English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,
Attendants, and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England;
through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and,
chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.*

MACBETH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.

Witch. WHEN shall we three meet again
Under, lightning, or in rain?

Witch. When the hurlyburly's¹ done,
The battle's lost and won.

Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

Witch. Where the place?

Witch. Upon the heath:

Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Paddock calls:—Anon.—

foul, and foul is fair:
through the fog and filthy air.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, ALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a young Soldier.

. What bloody man is that? He can report,

¹ Tumult.

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses was supplied;²
And fortune on him smil'd, but all too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
heels;

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

i.e. Supplied with light and heavy armed troops.

Sold. Yes;
As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth³, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
geons. *[Exit Soldier, attended.]*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom⁴, lapp'd in proof,⁵
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

³ Truth.

⁴ Shakspeare means Mac.

⁵ Defended by armour of proof.

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves comp
Nor would we deign him burial of his n
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor
ceive

Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce h
And with his former title greet Macbet

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Ma
won.

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and m

Give me, quoth I:

Aroint thee⁶, witch! the rump-fed ronyo

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know

⁷ *Avaunt, begone.*

⁷ *A scurvy woman*

I' the shipman's card.⁸
I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid :⁹
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch*. A drum, a drum ;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters¹, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about ;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine :
And thrice again, to make up nine :
Peace ! — the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores ? — What are
these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't ? Live you ? or are you aught
That man may question ? You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips : — You should be women,

⁸ Compass.

⁹ Accurs'd.

¹ *Prophetic sisters.*

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; — What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start and seem to
fear

Things that do sound so fair? — I'the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical², or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having³, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt⁴ withal; to me you speak not:

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

How of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A virtuous gentleman; and, to be king,

natural, spiritual.

ected.

³ Estate.

'Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting? — Speak, I charge
you. [Witches *vanish*.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: — Whither are they *vanish'd*?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
melted
As breath into the wind. — 'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,^s
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang.

We are sent,

^s As fast as they could be counted.

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane ;
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet ;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway ; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage ; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind. — Thanks for your pains. —
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. —
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentle-
men. —

This supernatural soliciting ⁶
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : — If ill,

⁶ Encitement.

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave⁷ not to their
mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour⁸ runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour⁹ — my dull brain
was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the king. —
Think upon what hath chanc'd: and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. — Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ i. e. Which cleave not.

⁸ Time and opportunity.

⁹ Pardon.

SCENE IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd¹,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust. — O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd:
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties

¹ Owned, possessed.

Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.— Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. — Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.— From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland ! — That is a
step, *[Aside.*

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant²;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves — air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives³ from the king, who all hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: — Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
highly,

² Full as valiant as described.

³ Messengers.

That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win : thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round ⁴,
Which fate and metaphysical ⁵ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. — What is your
tidings ?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :
Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true ; our thane is
coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal ⁶ thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ; ⁷
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,

⁴ *Diadem.*

⁶ *Deadly, murderous.*

⁵ *Supernatural.*

⁷ *Pity.*

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief: Come, thick night,
And pall⁸ thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, Hold!* — Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, — as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: — To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour⁹ ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ Wrap as in a mantle.

⁹ Look, countenance.

SCENE VI.

Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath,
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage¹, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd the air
Is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield² us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

¹ Convenient corner.

² Reward.

We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,³
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand.
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

A Room in the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer⁴ and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly : If the assassination
Could trammel upon the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —
We'd jump the life to come. — But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

³ Subject to accompt.

⁴ An officer so called from his placing the dishes on the table.

To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers ^s of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. — How now, what news ?

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd ; Why have you
left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

^s *Winds ; sightless is invisible.*

And live a coward in thine own esteem ;
 Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
 Like the poor cat i'the adage ?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace :
 I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
 Did then adhere ⁶, and yet you would make both :
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness
 now

Does unmake you. I have given suck ; and know
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
 Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, ——

Lady M. We fail !
 But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel ⁷ so convince ⁸,
 That memory, the warder ⁹ of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only : When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
 His spongy officers ; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell ? ¹

⁶ In the same sense as cohere.

Overpower.

⁷ Intemperance.

⁹ Sentinel.

¹ Murder.

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
thy undaunted mettle should compose
him but males. Will it not be receiv'd¹,
when we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two,
in his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
that they have done't?

Malcolm. Who dares receive it other,
we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
at his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
my corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
My false face must hide what the false heart doth know
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Court within Macbeth's Castle.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with
a torch before them.*

1st Servant. How goes the night, boy?
2nd Servant. The moon is down; I have not heard the
clock.

1st Servant. And she goes down at twelve.
2nd Servant. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

1st Servant. Hold, take my sword : — There's husbandry²
in heaven,

1st Servant. Supposed.
2nd Servant. Thrift.

Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep : Merciful powers !
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
 Gives way to in repose ! — Give me my sword :—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's
 a-bed :

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largess ³ to your offices ⁴ :
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up ⁵
 In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect ;
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
 To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
 Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 Would spend it in some words upon that business,
 If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, — when
 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep
 My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while.

³ Bounty.

⁴ The rooms appropriated to servants.

⁵ Conclude.

Ban. Thanks, sir ; The like to you.

[*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee : —

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon ⁶, gouts ⁷ of blood,

Which was not so before. — There's no such thing :

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-set
earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

⁶ *Haft, handle.*

⁷ *Drops.*

Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat, he
lives ;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk,
hath made me bold ;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire : —

Hark ! — Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there ? — what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done : — the attempt, and not the
deed,

Confounds us : — Hark ! — I laid their daggers
ready,

He could not miss them. — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. — My hus-
band ?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed : — Didst thou not
hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark! —

Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear. I could not say, amen, When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave⁹ of care,*

⁹ *Sleave is unwrought silk.*

*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ; —*

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more !* to all the house :

*Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things : — Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand. —
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,⁹
Making the green — one red.

⁹ To incarnardine is to stain of a flesh colour.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I
shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a
knocking
At the south entry : — retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :
How easy is it then ? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. — [*Knocking.*] Hark !
more knocking :
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers : — Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, — 'twere best not know
myself. [*Knocking.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou
could'st ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed ! [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock : Who's there ? Come in time ;
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock : Who's there ? [*Knock-*
ing.] Knock, knock : Never at quiet ! what are
you ? [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ; I pray you re-
member the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late ?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the cond cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring? —
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes,

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, be

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics¹ pa
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.³ [*Exit MACD*

Len. Goes the king
From hence to day?

Macb. He does: — he did appoint i

Len. The night has been unruly: Where
lay,

Our chimnies were blown down; and, as they
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange scream
death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the e
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough n

Len. My young remembrance cannot parall
A fellow to it.

¹ *i. e.* Affords a cordial to it. ³ Appointed war

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror ! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macb. Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece !
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ?

Len. Mean you his majesty ?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon : — Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves. — Awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Ring the alarum-bell : — Murder, and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself ! — up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! — Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror. [*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak, —

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. — O Banquo ! Banquo !

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
What, in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this cha
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instan
There's nothing serious in mortality :
All is but toys : renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the meer lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know
The spring, the head, the fountain of your bloo
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O ! by wh

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done't :

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blo
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we four
Upon their pillows :

They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
furious,

royal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :

'e expedition of my violent love

-ran the pauser reason. — Here lay Duncan

silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore³: Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady: —

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I:

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it in the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

³ Covered with blood to their hilt.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer : where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away : there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well.
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore
night
Hath trifled further knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's a
Threaten this bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis d
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lam
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing
strange and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their r
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, &

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff: —

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?⁴

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;
Thrifless ambition, that wilt raven up
Thine own life's means! — Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there! — adieu! —
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

⁴ Intend to themselves.

Rosse. Father, farewell.

Old M. God's benison go with you : and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes;
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity ;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king ; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen ; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords,
Ladies, and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
advice

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon
us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell. —

[*Exit* BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt* Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word : Attend those men our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. — [*Exit Atten.*]

To be thus, is nothing ;

But to be safely thus : — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty⁵ of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd : 'Tis much he
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd ; as it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd⁶ my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !⁷ — Who's
there ? —

Re-enter Attendant, with Two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

⁵ Nobleness.

⁶ For defiled.

⁷ Challenge me to extremities.

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation⁸ with
you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might,
To half a soul, and a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs⁹, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped¹
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition², from the bill
That writes them all alike: And so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;

⁸ Proved

⁹ Wolf-dogs.

¹ Called.

² Title, description.

And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless ³ what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody dis-
tance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For ⁴ certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,

³ Careless.

⁴ Because of.

That I require a clearness : And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
Fleance, his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight ; abide within.
It is concluded : — Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court ?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest^s fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
died

^s Most melancholy.

With them they think on ? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.⁶ Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further !

Lady M. Come on ;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence⁷, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M.

You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife !

Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.⁸

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : Ere the bat hath flown

my.

⁷ Do him the highest honours.

The copy, the lease, by which they hold their
not eternal.

His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle ⁹, with his drowsy hums,
Hath wrung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.

What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling ¹ night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale ! — Light thickens ; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still ;
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust : since he
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :

⁹ The beetle borne in the air by its shards or scaly wings.

¹ Blinding.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a
torch preceding them.*

2 *Mur.* A light! a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly;

Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.*

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son has fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

inquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

acb. You know your own degrees, sit down :
at first

last, the hearty welcome.

rd. Thanks to your majesty.

acb. Ourself will mingle with society,
play the humble host.

hostess keeps her state^s ; but, in best time,
will require her welcome.

dy M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends ;

my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, to the door.

acb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks : --

sides are even : Here I'll sit i'the midst :
rge in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
able round. -- There's blood upon thy face.

rr. 'Tis Banquo's then.

acb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
despatch'd ?

rr. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for
him.

acb. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats : Yet
he's good,
did the like for Fleance : if thou did'st it,
art the nonpareil.

^s *Her chair of state.*

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad, and general, as the casing air :
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that : —
There the grown serpent lies ; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone ; to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer ! —
Now good digestion wait on appetite.
And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?
[The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance !

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
ness

To grace us with your royal company ?

Mach. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Mach. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Mach. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Mach. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: — my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

Mach. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws⁴, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Mach. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!
how say you? —

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *disappears*.

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Mach. If I stand here I saw him.

⁴ Sudden gusts.

Lady M. Fye, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die;
 And there an end : but now, they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools : This is more strange
 That such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget : —
 Do not muse⁵ at me, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to
 all ;
 Then I'll sit down : — Give me some wine, fill
 full : —
 I drink to the general joy of the whole table.

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
 Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all.⁶

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth
 hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,

⁵ Wonder.

⁶ i. e. All good wishes to all.

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhibit⁷ thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !

[Ghost *disappears*.]

Unreal mockery, hence ! — Why, being gone,
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome⁸ us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe⁹,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse
and worse :

Question enrages him : at once, good night : —
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood will
have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
speak :
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By maggot-pies¹, and choughs, and rooks, brought
forth
The secret'st man of blood. — What is the night ?

⁷ *Forbid.* ⁸ *Pass over.* ⁹ *Possess.* ¹ *Magpies.*

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst: for mine own
good,

All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things, I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.¹

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that want's hard use:—

We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter HECATE, meeting the three
Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look an-
gerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,

¹ Examined nicely.

Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron,
Meet me i'the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air: this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal-fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;²
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

² *i. e.* A drop that has deep or hidden qualities.

SCENE VI.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : The gracious
Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth : — marry, he was dead : —
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late :
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should
find
What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace ! — for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,³
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come: that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord.

My prayers with him!

[Exeunt

³ Honours freely bestowed.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries: — 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw. —

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first 'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,⁴

Of the ravin'd⁵ salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;

⁴ The throat.

⁵ Ravenous.

Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew.
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes : —
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags ?
What is't you do ?

All.

A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd⁶, and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple⁷ on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the trea-
sure

Of nature's germins⁸ tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thoud'st rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters' ?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly⁹ show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an Armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought ;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me : — Enough.

[*Descends.*]

⁶ Laid flat by wind or rain.

⁸ Seeds which have begun to sprout.

⁷ Tumble.

⁹ Adroitly.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution
thanks ;
Thou hast harp'd¹ my fear aright :— But one word
more. —

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded : Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! —

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
And resolute : laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, Macduff : What need I fear of
thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live !
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.— What is this,

Thunder. *An Apparition of a Child crowned, with
a Tree in his Hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud ; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be ;
Who can impress the forest : bid the tree

¹ *Touched on a passion as a harper touches a string.*

Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements?
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.— Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you; Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the stage in order;
the last with a Glass in his Hand; BANQUO fol-
lowing.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:— And thy
hair,

Thou other gold-round brow, is like the first:—

A third is like the former:— Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?— A fourth?— Start,
eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet?— A seventh?— I'll see no more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:

Horrible sight!— Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd² Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this per-
nicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd, all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st³ my dread ex-
ploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

² Besmeared with blood.

³ Preventest, by taking away the opportunity.

The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done ;

The castle of Macduff I will surprize ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !— Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',

*I pray you, school yourself : But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows*

The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much further :
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move. — I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb up-
ward

To what they were before. — My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for
a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; and
yet i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.⁴
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable: to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm? — What are these
faces?

⁴ I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg ? *[Stabbing him.]*
Young fry of treachery ?

Son. He has killed me, mother ;
Run away, I pray you. *[Dies.]*

*[Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying Murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.]*

SCENE III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword ; and like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom : Each new morn,
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend ⁵, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

⁵ Befriend.

Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well :
 He hath not touched you yet. I am young ; but
 something
 You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom
 To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
 To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
 A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
 In an imperial charge.⁶ But 'crave your pardon ;
 That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :
 Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
 Though all things foul would bear the brows of
 grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
 doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong notes of love,)
 Without leave-taking ? — I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties : — You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy
 wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd !⁷ — Fare thee well, lord :
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
 I speak not as in an absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash

⁶ *i. e.* A good mind may recede from goodness ;
 omission of a royal commission.

⁷ But those who had the final adjy

Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd.

What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms. — I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden ^s, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth
Than such a one to reign.

Macd.

Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink

Mal.

With this, there grows,

In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more ; that I should forge

^s Passionate.

Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Grows with pernicious root; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons⁹ to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable¹,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. — O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again!
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? — Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth

⁹ Plenty.

¹ May be endured.

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste² : But God above
Deal between thee and me ! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction : here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth :
Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you
silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon. — Comes the king forth,
I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure : their malady convinces³
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

² *Over-hasty credulity.*

³ *Overpowers, subdues.*

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
 A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp⁴ about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayer: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not,

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes re-
 move

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
 Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the
 air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy⁵; the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.

⁴ The coin called an Angel.

⁵ Common distress of mind.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How
goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out:

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff⁶ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Sent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch⁷ them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,⁸
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Put off. ⁷ Catch. ⁸ A grief that has a single owner.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph ! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd ; your wife, and
babes,
Savagely slaughter'd ! to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁹ of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven ! —
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ? — O, hell-kite ! — All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look
on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,

⁹ The game after it is killed.

They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls : Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let
grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,
And braggart with my tongue ! — But, gentle
heaven,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave : Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;
The night is long, that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed: yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature; to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. — In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One;
Two; Why, then, 'tis time to do't: — Hell's

murky!¹—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.—

Gent. 'Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my praetice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit *Lady MACBETH.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

¹ Dark:

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad ; Unnatural
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician. —
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her : — So, good night :
My mind she has mated ², and amaz'd my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATH-
NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Mal-
colm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them : for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man. ³

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not : I have a file
Of all the gentry ; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough ⁴ youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

² Confounded.

³ A religious ; an ascetic.

⁴ Unbearded.

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on.
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medecin⁵ of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Excunt, marching.*

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly
all ;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm !

The physician.

9 Dry.

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr¹ the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—

Come, sir, despatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—

¹ Scour.

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence!—Hearest thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. —
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Sol-
diers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less² have given him the revolt ;

: i. e. Greater and less.

And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siv. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEY-
TON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise?

[*A cry within, of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell³ of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

³ Skin.

Scy. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow: a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling⁴ thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane; — and now a wood

⁴ Shrivel.

Comes toward Dunsinane.— Arm, arm, and out.—
If this which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum bell:— Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with
Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are:— You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well. —
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.

*Another Part of the Plain.**Enter MACBETH.*

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. — What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is: — Tyrant, show
thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kernes⁵, whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruited⁶: Let me find him, fortune!
 And more I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
 render'd:
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
 die
 On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out! *[They fight.]*

Macb. Thou losest labour:

⁵ Foot-soldiers.

⁶ Reported with clamour.

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air⁷
 With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
 And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter⁸ with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o'the time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last: Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[Exeunt, fighting.]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

⁷ The air which cannot be out.

⁸ Shuffle.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him.—Here comes newer com-
fort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on a
Pole.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands
The usurper's cursed head, the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All.

King of Scotland, hail!
[Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen ;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life : — This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

KING JOHN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his son; afterwards K. Henry III.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, chief justice of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*

MELUN, *a French lord.*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour¹, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

¹ In the manner I now do.

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody
war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood
for blood,

Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
peace :

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :

So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay. —

An honourable conduct let him have : —

Pembroke, look to't : Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.]

Eli. What now, my son ? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son ?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With every easy arguments of love ;

Which now the manage² of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right,
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than
your right ;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me :

So much my conscience whispers in your ear ;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

² Conduct, administration.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard : Shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach. — [*Exit Sheriff.*]
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay .

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,
and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge. — What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire ; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge ;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir ?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father :
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame
thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow :—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :
But whe'r I be as true-begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head ;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him ;—
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent
us here !

Eli. He hath a trick³ of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his
parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land ?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my
father :

With that half-face would he have all my land :
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much ;
And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak ;

³ Trace, outline.

But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
him ;

In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes, —
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, — be a Faulcon-
bridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land ;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside ?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him :
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings
goes !

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well ; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance :

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year ;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear. —
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. Philip, my liege ; so is my name begun ;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st :

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great :
Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand ;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land : —

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet !
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth ; What though ?

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire. —
Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu ; good fortune come to thee !

For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.]

A foot of honour better than I was ;
But many a foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady : —
*Good den*⁵, *sir Richard*, — *God-a-mercy, fellow* ; —
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :
For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller, —
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess ;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries⁶ : — *My dear sir*,
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you — That is question now ;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book : —
O sir, says answer, *at your best command* ;
At your employment ; at your service, sir : —
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours* :
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment ;
And talking of the Alps, and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising. —
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes ?
What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her ?

⁵ Good evening.⁶ My travelled foe.

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me ! it is my mother : — How now, good lady ?
What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother ? where
is he ?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

Bast. My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man ?

Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son ! Ay, thou unreverend
boy,

Sir Robert's son : Why scorn'st thou at sir Robert ?
He is sir Robert's son ; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
a while ?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip ? — sparrow ! — James,
There's toys⁷ abroad ; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain should'st defend mine hon-
our ?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave ?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-
like :⁸

What ! I am dubb'd ; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land ;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;

Some proper man, I hope ; Who was it mother ?

⁷ Idle reports.

character in an old Drama called *Soliman and Perseda*.

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed: —
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my great offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, —
Subjected tribute to commanding love, —
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria. —
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,

And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave :
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance⁹, hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven will forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee
right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love ;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

⁹ Importance.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work ; our cannon shall
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town. —

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages¹ :

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :

My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! — lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd. —

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have staid, hath given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I :

His marches are expedient² to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até³, stirring him to blood and strife ;

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;

¹ Best stations to over-awe the town.

² Immediate, expeditious. ³ The Goddess of Revenge.

With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :
And all the unsettled humours of the land, —
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragon's spleens, —
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath⁴ in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

[*Drums beat.*

Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence ;
For courage mounted with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard,
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven.
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England : if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace !
England we love : and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,

⁴ Mischief.

That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ; —
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief^s into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe⁶ the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ; — thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; and, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

^s A short writing.

⁶ Own.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right :
Sirrah, look to't ; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe.
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass : —
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference. —

King John, this is the very sum of all, —
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon : — I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child ;

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good, my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil ⁷ that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or
no !

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
earth !

Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy : This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child.

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked
will ;

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. Phi. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more tem-
perate :

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim ⁸
To these ill-tuned repetitions. —
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

⁷ Bustle.

⁸ To encourage.

These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for its ;

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects, —

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.⁹

K. John. For our advantage ; — Therefore, hear
us first. —

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, —
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Had brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,

⁹ Conference.

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied ¹ in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
L. in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town ;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes ² it ; namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure ³ of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war :
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

¹ Worn out.² Owns.³ Circle.

1 *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects ;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1 *Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those, —

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Phi. Amen ! Amen ! — Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

Bast. St. George, — that swing'd the dragon, and e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence ! — Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, [to AUSTRIA] with your lions,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Bast. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so ; — [*To LEWIS*] and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand. — God, and our right.
[*Exeunt*,

SCENE II.

The same.

Alarums and Excursions ; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells ;

King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies ; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured³ :
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows ;

Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even
We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power ;
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard ; at the other,
King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
cast away ?

Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop
of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks, —
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

³ Judged, determined.

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead ;
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings. —
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
Cry, havock, kings ! back to the stained field,
You equal potents⁴, fiery-kindled spirits !
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your king ?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :
King'd of our fears ; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles⁵ of Angiers
flout you, kings ;
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

⁴ Potentates.

⁵ Scabby fellows.

Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;
Do like the mutines⁶ of Jerusalem ;
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion ;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well ; — France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king, —
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town, —
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other ; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so : — Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

⁶ Mutineers.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to south;
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*

I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

1 *Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to
hear.

1 *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Blanch,

Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If youthful love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous⁷ love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

7 Pious.

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen^c than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and
seas;
And talks familiarly of roaring lions,
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and
bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Why! I was never so bethump'd with words,
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their
souls
Are capable of this ambition:
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infix'd I beheld myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye! —
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! —
And quarter'd in her heart! — he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will ;
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)
I will enforce it easily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this — that nothing do I see in you,
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What say
you, my niece ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you
love this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee ; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well ;— Young princes, close
your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.⁹

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made ;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—
I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much :—
Where is she and her son ? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate¹ at your high-
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we
have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, Heaven knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste, will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens
retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded² in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised³ well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,

¹ Mournful.

² Conspired.

³ Poised, balanced.

Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent :
And this same bias, this commodity,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch⁵ my hand,
When his fair angels⁶ would salute my palm :
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary :
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord ! for I will worship thee ! [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

Con. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a
peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! Gone to be
friends !

⁵ Clasp.

⁶ Coin.

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy words
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable⁷ of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering⁸ o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word; whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die,—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of
me? —

Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

⁷ *Susceptible.*

⁸ *Appearing.*

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert
grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of displeasing blots, and sightless⁹ stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious¹,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone,
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with
thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state², of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She throws herself on the ground.]

⁹ Unsightly.

¹ Monstrous.

² Dignity.

Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day,

Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday ! —

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserv'd ; what hath it done ;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar ?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck,
No bargains break, that are not this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd and
tried,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league : —

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust.

Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame

That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it³ for shame,

And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

³ Put it off.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milau cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more, — That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in
this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dröss, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish:

Yet I, alone; alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no
right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go
thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France re-
pent.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

King John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father : for the difference
purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee
here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle, —
That faith would live again by death of need ;
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up ;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to
this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer
well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's skin, most sweet
lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
say.

Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee
more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

— With all religious strength of sacred vows ;

The latest breath that gave the sound of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;

And even before this truce, but new before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
 With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?⁴
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue
 A cased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
 faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd
 That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself

⁴ Exchange of salutation.

And may not be performed by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better act of purposes mistook
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood, falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against those giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast.

Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd
men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell, — be measures⁵ to our pomp?
 O husband, hear me! — ah, alack, how new
 Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,
 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
 Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; What motive
 may
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
 holds,

His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse⁶, your majesty doth seem so cold,
 When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need: — England, I'll fall
 from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John, France, thou shalt rue this hour within
 this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
 time,
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: Fair day,
 adieu!

Which is the side that I must go withal?
 I am with both: each army hath a hand;
 And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
 Ther, I may not wish the fortune thine;

• Musick for dancing.

⁶ Wonder.

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance⁷ to-
gether. — [Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. — To
arms let's hie ! [Excunt.

SCENE II.

Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard, with
AUSTRIA's Head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
hot ;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy : — Philip, make
up :

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and
Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
behind, [*To ELINOR.*]
So strongly guarded, — Cousin, look not sad:
[*To ARTHUR.*]

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with
grief.

K. John. Cousin, [*To the Bastard.*] away for
England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; angels⁷ imprison'd
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness: — Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

⁷ Gold coin.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John.

Coz, farewell.

[*Exit* Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes* ARTHUR *aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle

Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say

so yet :

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, — But let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds⁸,

To give me audience : — If the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick ;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes ;)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

⁸ Showy ornaments.

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit⁹ alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But ah, I will not : — Yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct¹ to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee :
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember. — Madam, fare you well :
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee

K. John. For England, cousin :
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ Conception.

¹ Joined.

SCENE IV.

The same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado² of convicted³ sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
peace!

² Fleet of war.

³ Overcome.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. No, I defy ⁴ all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death: — O amiable lovely death!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry: —

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern ⁵ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad; — I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —
Preach some philosophy, to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

⁴ Refuse.

⁵ Common.

If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I
note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I
do it ?

I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
*O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !*
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner. —
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;
If that be true, I shall see my boy again :
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, ⁶
There was not such a gracious ⁷ creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost :
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

⁶ Breathe.

⁷ Graceful.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;

Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do. —

I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her Head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure ! [*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me
joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil :

What have you lost, by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you have won it, certainly you had.

No, no : when fortune means to men most good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost,

In this which he accounts so clearly won :

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd :
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you :
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal ;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it :
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the heart
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go: I will whet on the king.
Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions; Let
us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot: and look thou stand

Within the arras⁸: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth :
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't. — [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince,) as may be.— You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore, I will be sudden and despatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

⁸ Tapestry.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears. —
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. — Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to be from such a
deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous these,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise! go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O spare mine eyes
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes⁹: See else, yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre¹ him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:²
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;

⁹ In cruelty I have not deserved.

¹ Set him on.

² Owns.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! — I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely³ in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crowned ; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard⁴ a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,⁵
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;

³ Secretly.⁴ Lace.⁵ Decorate.

And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about :
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than
well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness :⁶
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your high-
ness

To overbear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them str
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall indue you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these
To sound⁷ the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument, —

⁶ Desire of excell'ing.

⁷ Publish.

If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, (which as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brow
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
This little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd⁸ the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent;
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death:—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. — Never such a
power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion ;
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers ! — What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France ! —
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin ; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide : but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied ;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams ;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear :
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :
Deliver him to safety⁹, and return,
For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with PETER.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before. —

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion ! —
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman. —

Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

⁹ Safe custody.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[Exit.

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams,
in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :
Another lean unwash'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not pro-
voke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant.

To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.¹

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted², and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me :

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to
name, —

¹ Deliberate consideration.

² Noted, observed.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay in the body of this fleshy land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap
down :

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[Dies.

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-
Bury;

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me³, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd⁴
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

³ Private account.

⁴ Out of humour.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you
beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this ob-
ject,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.⁵

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this:
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;

The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand? —
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose of the king: —
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law?

[Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir, put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I
say;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true⁶ defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a noble-
man?

⁶ Honest.

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;⁷
Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
bridge ?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince !

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum ;⁸
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse⁹ and innocency.

Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there.

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us
out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world ! — Knew you of this
fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

⁷ By compelling me to kill you. ⁸ Moisture. ⁹ Pity.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul, ——

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee: a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up. ——
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go bear him in thine arms. —
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowned¹ interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

¹ Unowned.

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture² can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH,

SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand.

Take again

[*Giving JOHN the Crown.*]

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word : go meet
the French ;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt ;
Our people quarrel with obedience ;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of distemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.

² Girdle.

Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
But, since you are a gentle convertite,³
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the
prophet
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have :
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds
out,
But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets ;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some curst hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away ; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field :
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
O, let it not be said ! — Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors ;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with
me,
And I have made a happy peace with him ;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive ? Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd ⁴ silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check ? Let us, my liege, to arms :
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
time.

⁴ Fondled.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I
know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance :
Return the precedent to these lords again ;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings ; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many : O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker ; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury :
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends !
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Are born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? — O nation, that thou could'st re-
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth⁵ thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion and a brave respect!⁶
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,

⁵ Embraceth.

⁶ Love of country.

As Lewis himself : — so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this, — king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be propertied,⁷
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;
And come you now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;

. 7 Appropriated.

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook^s conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,

* Face down.

The youth says well : — Now hear our English king ;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd ; and reason too, he should :
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at ; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch ;⁹
To dive like buckets in concealed wells ;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks ;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks ;
To hug with swine ; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons ; and to thrill and shake,
Even at the crying of your nations' crow,¹
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
No : Know the gallant monarch is in arms ;
And like an eagle o'er his airy² towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame :
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums ;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their neelds³ to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave⁴, and turn thy face in
peace ;
We grant, thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ;

⁹ Leap over the hatch.

² Nest.

¹ The crowing of a cock.

³ Needles.

⁴ Boast.

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabblers.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither : —
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums being beaten, will cry
out ;

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's^b ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder ; for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger
out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear : How fares your majesty ?

^b Sky.

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field ;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John. Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now :
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me, this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight :
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left
the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;⁶

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He⁷ means to recompense the pains you take.
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from his figure 'gainst the fire?⁸
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day-break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,

⁶ A proverb intimating treachery.

⁷ Lewis.

⁸ In allusion to the images made by witches.

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king ;
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field ;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,— And beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of this our flight ;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John. —
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends ! New
 flight :
 And happy newness⁹, that intends old right.
 [*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.]

SCENE V.

*The French Camp.**Enter LEWIS and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to
 set ;
 But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
 hen the English measur'd backward their own
 ground,

⁹ Innovation.

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care
to-night,

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,
Have done me shame: — Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come: sans¹ compliment, what news
abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you: a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them.
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven!
And tempt us not to bear above our power! —
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
[Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house,]

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here. —

Doth he still rage? [*Exit BIGOT.*]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
In their countenance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing. —

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest,

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill-fare ; — dead, forsook,
cast off ;

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold : — I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,²
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my
tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module³ of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him :

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
ear. —

My liege ! my lord ! — But now a king, — now
thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

² Narrow, avaricious.

³ Model.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,
Where be your powers ? Show now your mended
faiths ;

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought ;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we :
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so : — And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
lineal state and glory of the land !
hom, with all submission, on my knee,

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